

Collene

Black Marble

1]

Hear me knocking on your window slow

Don't turn around to go

I hear your doubt

I'll reply with the sins of our whole town Your hesitation's only natural

In my younger days, I built a wall

Hiding from the favored sons outside the union hall

Don't you know they had it all? The Diltmores are dead

All the Diltmores are dead

My memory's a mess

The millionaires are not impressed

You and I will make up all the rest

A stone creation never seemed so low

Don't ask me why... I don't know

Going down, you reply

"Your camera hit me right between my eyes." Your insecurity seems natural

In my younger days, I knew it all

Standing tall in the bathroom stall

I had the non-believers where I want

Always holding on The Diltmores are dead

All the Diltmores are dead

My memory's a mess

All the Diltmores are dead Eating alone, what's the conversation?

Everyone knows about what you said

Sitting at home, what's the conversation?

Everyone knows why you're stuck in bed

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I'll reply with the sins of our whole town

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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